

# The Southern Enterprise.

A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.

JOHN C. & EDW. BALLEE, PRO'RS.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 2, 1870.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 37.

**B. WHERLE,**  
GREENVILLE, S. C.

DEALER IN  
**GOOD AND SILVER WATCHES,  
CLOCKS, JEWELRY,  
SPECTACLES,**  
18 & 22 Carat Solid Nuptial Rings,  
SILVER & SILVER-PLATED  
**WARE.**

WORK of all descriptions in his  
line done promptly. \$3  
Oct 27 1869

THE  
**NEW YORK**  
**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

Dividend declared in 1868, 68 per Centum.

**ASSETS, \$13,000,000.**

NO COMPANY in the United States can claim superior advantages to this old and well-established institution, which has been doing business with the greatest success for about twenty-five years. It is strictly mutual, and never had stockholders to appropriate a portion of its earnings. It is under legal supervision, a protection to policy holders, which is afforded nowhere but in New York and Massachusetts. Its managers cannot speculate with the funds of the Company, but are obliged to invest in the laws of New York require trustees to invest trust estates. The official reports, for several years past, show that this Company has been better managed than any other doing business in New York. An investment in this Company is as safe as anything can be. It offers security and cheapness, and has advantages over any other Company in the United States. Reference may be made to the following gentlemen: Gov. B. F. Perry, Col. G. F. Townes, Thos. M. Cox, Thomas St. G. H. Beattie & Co., W. T. Sumner, Jas. F. Moore and L. Williams. For further information, apply to the undersigned, agent for Greenville, or to JAS. H. SCOTT, Attorney at Law, Greenville Court House.

W. H. CAMPBELL,  
Sept 8 1869

The State of South Carolina,  
GREENVILLE COUNTY.

In Equity—In Common Pleas,  
JAMES N. TAYLOR, Assignee, vs. BAY-  
LIS FARR et al.—Bill to Foreclose Mort-  
gage, &c.

BY virtue of the Deed and Order made in the above case, I will sell, on Saturday in February next, the TRACT OF LAND described in the Pleadings; to wit: All that Tract of Land on which the defendant now resides, on Reedy River, adjoining lands of Choice, Hawthorne, Foster and others, and containing Four Hundred and Thirty Acres, more or less. This Tract contains some fine Bottoms.

TERMS OF SALE—Six hundred dollars cash, the balance on credit until the 15th day of February, A. D. 1870, the purchaser to execute bond with good surety and a mortgage of the premises to secure the purchase money. Papers and stamps extra.  
W. A. McDANIEL, C. C. P.  
Clerk's Office, Dec. 28, 1869. 33-4

The State of South Carolina,  
GREENVILLE COUNTY.

In the Common Pleas—Equity Side,  
THOMAS C. GOWER, Administrator, vs. P. F. SIDDUTH, et al.—Bill for Sale of Real Estate, to Pay Debts, &c.

UNDER a Decree of Court made in the above case, the Executors of the Estate of Mrs. MARTHA LOVELAND, are required to establish the rank and amount of their claims against said Estate, before the Clerk, within six months from this date.  
W. A. McDANIEL, C. C. P.  
Clerk's Office, September 28th, 1869. 34-4

**Notice**  
I hereby give to all whom it may concern, that I will apply to S. J. Douthett, Probate Judge of Greenville County, on the 14th day of February next, for a final discharge as Executor of the Estate of MICHAEL STONE, deceased.  
JAMES McCULLOUGH, Administrator.  
January 11, 1870. 35-4

**Notice**  
I hereby give to all whom it may concern, that I will apply to S. J. Douthett, Probate Judge of Greenville County, on the 25th day of February next, for a final discharge as Executor of the Estate of BALAIS E. JORDAN, deceased.  
HENRY J. GAINES, Executor.  
January 24, 1870. 33

**Notice**  
I hereby give to all whom it may concern, that I will apply to S. J. Douthett, Probate Judge of Greenville County, on the 14th day of February next, for a final discharge as Administrator of the Estate of MICHAEL STONE, deceased.  
JAMES McCULLOUGH, Administrator.  
January 11, 1870. 35-4

**Two Magazines for \$1.00!**  
LEISURE HOURS.

A BOUND, Original Magazine, and the best of its kind, published monthly. Address: LEISURE HOURS, Ed. and Pub's Leisure Hours, Pittsburg, Pa. Jan. 19 1870

The "People's Bank" in Charleston, has resumed business, and its bills are redeemed at par.

**G. F. TOWNES,**  
EDITOR.  
J. C. BALLEE, Associate Editor.

Subscription Two Dollars per annum. Advertisements inserted at the rate of one dollar per square of twelve Mission lines (this sized type) or less for the first insertion, fifty cents each for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made. All advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on them, or they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged for. Unless ordered otherwise, Advertisements will invariably be "displayed." Ordinary notices, and all matters pertaining to the benefit of any one, are regarded as Advertisements.

**Selected Poetry.**

**Towards Evening.**  
Father, the shadows fall  
Along my way;  
'Tis past the noon of day.  
My "westerlingun" tells that the eve is near;  
I know, but feel no fear.  
And loved ones have gone home—  
A holy band:  
I hear them call me from the spirit land—  
A gentle call,  
Ye, dear ones, I shall come.  
Oh, not alone! though now  
I lead the van,  
And with uncovered head  
Press on where others led  
When my young life began.  
I am not left alone,  
Though they are gone:  
Sweet voices of the past,  
And of to-day—  
The loved, that round my way  
Still twine about my heart—  
Tell me how good that art.  
O holy Light and Love!  
Beam on my soul,  
My inmost life control;  
Then may each pure thought spring;  
And grace, with gentle wing,  
Brood like the dove.

**Original Communications.**

**Notes from the Scrap Book of an Old Physician of Greenville County, S. C.**

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.  
ON a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning in May, 1838, old uncle Billy H. rode up to my house in great haste, informing me that the wife of his son W. was very ill, at the point of death; wanting my immediate services, saying that I must be in great haste or I would not find her alive on my arrival—I was then a young and active man. Had my fine black mare speedily saddled, and off we put, at a rapid speed, the distance to go being twelve miles; old uncle Billy every now and then reminding me of the great danger of the case, and not to spare horse flesh. We thus swiftly went on for some four or five miles, our animals becoming drenched with foams of sweat, when the old man made the remark: "Well, Doctor, I reckon you must make a great deal of money by your profession; what is your rule of charging by the mile?" my reply was, that depended on the circumstances of the case; that when I was requested to go in great haste, as in the present instance, I charged higher than when I rode slow and at my leisure; that my regular charges by the mile were twenty-five cents in a walk, thirty-seven cents in a trot, and fifty cents in a gallop. The old man replied, "Well, Doctor, it is mighty warm this morning, and your fine mare seems to sweat powerfully, I think the balance of the distance we might go in a walk, on the account of the poor brute."

**THAT'S WHAT I'M WHIPPING YOU FOR—A HAPPY CONDITION.**

Who is it, that has lived in this section of the country for the last half century that has not known or heard of the blacksmith Billy Adkins, a man of fine natural sense, and possessed of extraordinary wit, many of his sayings and witticisms having become proverbial in the country? On a certain occasion, old Billy left home, and directed his boys to do and perform a particular job of work during his absence. Upon his return, he found the work had not been done, and that the boys had spent the time in play and idleness, whereupon he drew them up and gave them a whipping, the boys persisting that they had not done nothing. "And why daddy," said they, "are you thus punishing us?" The old man said to

them, "that is the very thing for which I am whipping you." Hence the proverb when an unruly or idle boy would say you are whipping me for nothing, the infliator would say, that is exactly what Adkins whipped his boys for; you have not done what I ordered and directed you to do.

The writer was present at a public place where there were several gentlemen discussing the question, how unfortunate it was for the peace and happiness of two certain families, that they were likely to go to law and become alienated from each other, in consequence of not settling and dividing the large legacies left them by their parents in peace. Old Billy was a silent listener to the conversation, and, at the conclusion, remarked that he had managed his business so as not to give his children any trouble at his death, for what he had not eat up as he passed along through life of his earnings, he had drank up. The old man left the State and went to Georgia, where he remained for several years. During his stay in Georgia, he lost his wife; being then without wife or children with him, he returned to this State again, to spend, as he expressed it, the residue of his days with his former old friends. He arrived at the house of the writer penniless and almost without clothing. He was sent to an out house to be shaved up and clean clothes put on him; on his return to the mansion, he was complimented with the happy change in the outer man. His reply was, "yes, I shall never need shaving again, let me live ever so long, for the nigger barber has taken all out by the root."

**FIGHT THE DEVIL WITH FIRE.**

There lived many years ago, in my vicinity, at the crossing of two public roads, old Capt. D., who was always either in his piazza or about the yard, and every man, woman or child that passed his place was made the victim of a most thorough and searching inquiry as to where you are going, what are you going after, and all other questions that could be imagined in reference to the neighborhood, or the business of other people. Having myself so often undergone this unpleasant ordeal with the old Captain, I resolved, on a very cold morning, in attending a hasty call, that in passing his place I would play the same game of annoyance that he so much practiced on others. So riding up in great haste with my messenger with me, I called to him to please walk to the gate in haste, as I was in a very great hurry. He came out in haste, when I informed him that Mrs. C. was very ill, and that I was then on my way to see her, reigning up my horse and bidding him good morning. The old Captain looked aghast and replied, "Go on, you saucy buck." It is useless to add that I cured the old chap, so far as I was individually concerned.

**KNOW BEST HIMSELF.**

Old Captain D. was a very blunt and highly self conceited sort of a man; he would, however, sometimes consent to give the views and opinions of others consideration, whether he assented or not. He was a man of success and thrift in his day and time as a farmer, and reached a point in his farming operations that he conceived the necessity of building a barn, for the purpose of storing his provender; but on looking round his premises, he could not satisfactorily select a location for the site of it, he therefore decided to call in several of his most respectable friends and neighbors, to have their judgment and opinion in the matter. They accordingly came, and after due consideration, upon looking over the grounds, informed the Captain of their conclusion. He bluntly replied to them, that he expected nothing better of them; that they were all a pack of fools, "and yonder," says he, "is the place, and there I will build the barn."

**NOT KNOWN IN ANATOMY.**  
Dr. A. E. an old, experienced and talented physician of Laurens Court House, an Irishman and cotemporary of mine, while attending a family in sickness, was re-

quested by a lady visitor to the family to make a prescription for her, who had very recently been bitten by a dog. The Doctor asked her where the dog bit her. Her answer was, "Doctor, the dog bit me behind the smoke house." "Well madam, I have been a student of human anatomy these many years, have attended the schools of Belfast and Edinburg, but have yet to learn where that part of the system, "behind the smoke house," is located. The lady sniffs at the action to the word, exhibited the calf of her leg, whereupon the Doctor prescribed suitable and proper remedies to be applied to that part of the system designated "behind the smoke house."

**FOR THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.**

**Chinchona Tree.**  
SALUDA, GREENVILLE COUNTY, S. C., Jan. 15th, 1870.

Hon. Horace Capron, Commissioner Department of Agriculture, Washington City, D. C.

SIR—I have the honor to thank the Department for the "Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for the year 1868." The bark of the Chinchona tree, which produces the greatest percentage of manufactured quinine, is found within a certain location, where the atmosphere breathes into the leaf the breath of life, congenial to the perfect growth and development of that medicine. The temperature of the atmosphere is changed by the blowing of the winds and by the topographical formation of the location according to the law for a full and perfect production. The soil is the foundation on which the tree stands. The atmosphere is the source from which it receives its life and vigor. This tree grows upon the sides of hills.

Looking upon the continent of South America, the Andes range from the Equator to Lake Titicaca in a south-east direction, thence due south, forming an angle in Peru and Bolivia. At this elbow of the great range of Southern mountains is found the highest elevation of earth above the sea. There is seven thousand feet of perpetual snow on the peaks of Ullimani and Sorata. There ice water flows continuously.

The warm winds from the Equator and Tropic of Capricorn, wait over the low lands from the shores of the Atlantic, and with the incense of Brazilian vegetation, come mingling their sugared perfumes with the cool, refreshing and pure atmosphere of the silver-capped, and emerald-dressed, beautiful highlands, once the pride and home of the Incas of Peru.

It is here, half way down on the Eastern sides of the Andes, the best Chinchona is found. This is the native place of the tree. It was not planted by man. The forest is common to all persons who choose to employ themselves in gathering bark. The bark taken from the trunk of the tree, is the best; that from the larger branches second in quality, and that from the smaller, or upper limbs, the least valuable. A man may cut two quintals per day, which makes one quintal (one hundred pounds) when dried ready for market.

By law of Congress, all bark gathered in Bolivia, must be sold to a company having the monopoly of the trade, who buy according to law, and pay a duty to the Government. The bark is dried under shelter and put up in bales of cotton cloth, each weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, covered with rawhide. Two bales, or three hundred pounds, being a mule load over the Cordilleras to the sea port of Arica, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, where it arrives in ten days from LaPaz, paying a freight of twelve dollars per mule load. The price in Arica varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per quintal. It is shipped to Europe and the United States, where it is manufactured, bottled and some of it reshipped and sold in the apothecary stores of LaPaz to those who enter the Province of Yungas, where the disease for which it is intended is a specific, frequently prevails. The woodsman pays for one ounce of quinine the same price he sold one quintal of bark for at the tree.

The Chinchona tree grows to the average height of forty feet, and is easily distinguished from the other forest trees by its beautiful, bright colored leaves, very smooth, and light green—with here and there a yellowish leaf. The bark is gathered from the middle of May until about the 15th September. The tree is felled by an axe—the bark stripped off, dried, made into small bundles and carried on the backs of men to the nearest point at which a mule may be brought.

By such management, the tree is being destroyed, and in the course of time, this valuable article of commerce will be entirely swept away. It requires a man's life time, and probably more for this tree to become of full size, and after the first growth is cut down, that species of tree may be forever lost to the land where it was originally found in such abundance. The decrees issued by the Government prohibiting the cutting of bark for three years at a time, is no remedy.

The way to save the tree, is to take the bark off in strips, so that it will cover itself again, or by planting a forest regularly in rows, and taking out alternate trees as they reach the proper age.

"The tree of the field is man's life."  
"I see men as trees—walking."

Principles were not made by men. We are permitted to work and discover the plans by which the law, established at the beginning, can be best carried out for our welfare. There is no profession, or study, so profound, or which requires such depth of scientific knowledge, as that of Agriculture. The indolent may cry: "I wish the weeds would not grow in the garden." But the intelligent farmer understands that, to make a crop, the soil must be worked while the plant is young, and he knows that the weeds are placed in the field to force the laggard to earn his daily bread.

It has become the duty of those connected with the Department of Agriculture—and in this is included all the farmers of the land—to rescue from destruction the animal, the plant and the tree, all of which have been placed here for the use and benefit of man.

Looking on the continent of North America, the Blue Ridge Mountains, from near the Falls of Trenton, from Greenville County, South Carolina, range south-west, thence due west through Georgia and Alabama, forming an angle at the head waters of Saluda River. Near here are the highest peaks of the whole range. At this elbow, the snow-capped, and frost-embowed heads, cool the atmosphere, while the warm winds wait the temperature of the waters of the Gulf of Mexico up to meet and co-mingle with the currents among these mountains. The location of the mountainous part of Greenville County, with regard to wind, formation of land, temperature—and perhaps soil—is not unlike the Province of Yungas, in Bolivia.

I respectfully call attention to the value of the eastern side of the Blue Ridge mountains for the introduction and propagation of the Chinchona tree. One hundred acres of land would accommodate about 22,500 Chinchona trees. They can be planted as near together as peach trees.

In connection with the desire expressed by the Honorable Commissioner to Congress, to "establish a Chinchona Plantation under the care of this Department," and if what I have said in favor of these mountains as the proper location within these United States, should meet approval—as an experimental proof—so that the Chinchona tree may be fairly transplanted here, I would like to offer for the acceptance of the Department of Agriculture, one hundred acres of land situated near Table Rock, at Marietta, free of charge.

The grandeur and picturesque landscape beauty of these mountains, as viewed at a distance of fifteen miles from this place, surpasses a view of the Alps from the City of Turin, in Italy. Very truly, and respectfully, your obedient servant,  
**LARDNER GIBBON.**

**Mothers, Speak Low.**

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life—an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Toll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. When mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid; while in many a home, where the low, firm tone of the mother, or the decided look of her steady eye is law, they never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight. O, mother, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or willful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you, to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you can not wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You can not have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, will they remember a harsh and angry tone. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

We are grieved to be compelled to announce to our readers the death, on Sunday evening last, of Hon. Lemuel Boozer, Judge of the Fifth Circuit of the Court of Common Pleas and General Sessions, while holding court in Camden.

A good citizen, an intelligent lawyer, a capable and impartial judge, the great destroyer, in striking him down, has subjected the whole State to a mournful calamity, covering all the people with gloom. Although a Republican in politics, we thank God that, in the sterling vigor of his moral constitution, he was able to lift his mind far above the murky region of party politics, in the administration of the great office of a Judge, and to keep his judicial robe folded around him pure and unspotted even unto death. What a solace this consciousness must have been to him, as all mortal hopes and aspirations were passing forever away! Judge Boozer's mind was not brilliant, but his judgment was sound; and, although his learning may not have been so varied and attractive as that of some others of the legal profession, yet upon the Bench he was found to be fully equal to the high tasks of his position, and, after argument, capable of clear discrimination and correct decision. The qualities, too, of patience, courtesy and mercy eminently adorned him as a Judge, whilst the social elements of his character enlivened his companions and made him acceptable on all occasions. It must, indeed, be very grateful to the feelings of his friends of the Columbia Bar, now that the grave has intervened between him and them, to remember how thoroughly he had won their kindest consideration and how suitably they expressed it to him at the close of a laborious extra term of his Court, in this place, in August last. Judge Boozer was a native South Carolinian, having been born in Lexington District, in 1808, as we are informed; was educated at the South Carolina College, in the time of the presidency of the late venerable Dr. Cooper; entered upon the practice of law, in the village of Lexington, about the year 1832; and for several terms represented the people of

Lexington in the General Assembly, first as a member of the House of Representatives, and then in the Senate of the State. If we may refer, with propriety, at all, to his recent political relations, we may record the fact that he was elected, with great unanimity, by the Republican party, in 1868, to the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and, under the constitution, became ex officio, President of the Senate, over which body he presided with entire acceptability and success. The hearts of his surviving family and friends, and of a stricken people, are weighed down with sorrow, but are comforted in the reflection that above the gloom of the grave shines the light of a pure and honest life.  
[Columbia Phoenix, 25th ult.]

**AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG MEN.**

The young men of our country will find in the biography of the late General John E. Wool many acts worthy of imitation, but none more so than his economical habit and his determination through life to secure pecuniary independence for his declining years. At the close of the war of 1812, Gen. Wool was taken home to be treated for terrible wounds received in battle. When he was convalescent he had to pay a surgeon's bill which left him almost without a dollar. As soon as he was well enough, the Government sent him on a military mission to the West, where he remained for five years, and never drew his pay in full, but took enough only to defray actual expenses. At the close of his appointment the United States owed him \$20,000. "This," said Gen. Wool, just before he died, "was the only money I ever made in the whole course of my life.— But I always kept that out in safe investment, at good interest. In fifty years this \$20,000 has grown to \$700,000." Here, then, was the secret of his great wealth, which not only astonished his friends, but hundreds of military men who had superior opportunities for making money. If any of our young readers can put away \$1,000 now, they will find themselves rich when old and feeble, even if they add nothing to the nucleus after the first investment.

**THE BLUE RIDGE RAIL ROAD.**—It is now well understood that a better route can be found for this road than the old one. The new route commences near the depot, at this place, and intersects with the original line eighteen miles west of this point. By this arrangement, the Stumphouse tunnels and the two intermediate ones can be avoided. Two miles in distance can be saved by the change, and the cost of the new route over the completion of the old one is about the same.

We rejoice in being able to make this statement by authority. It will destroy the prejudice engendered against this enterprise on account of the assumed impracticability of boring through the Stumphouse tunnel. Besides we have assurances from more quarters than one, that the road will be completed at an early day.

Locally the proposed change of route will throw the track in or near town and with it a change of depot.—Keowee Courier.

**TOWN ELECTION.**—The following is the result of the election for town officers, held in Wallhalla on Monday last:

For **Intendant**—John Ansel.  
For **Wardens**—W. M. Woodin, C. E. Watson, H. C. Roeban, R. B. Chambers, A. Brenecke, and H. W. Pieper.

A young wife reproached with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct.  
"My love," said he, "I am only like the Prodigal Son—I shall reform by-and-by."  
"And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied; "for I will arise and go to my father." And accordingly off she went.

If we were at peace within, external things would have but little power to hurt us.

If you would not have affliction visit you, twice, listen at once to what it teaches.